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A NEW

ABRIDGMENT

Of the RULES of

French PROSODIA,

According to *Buffier's* Observations.

SHEWING,

I. The Nature and Quantity
of Heroic VERSES.

II. The Difference between
Masculine and Feminine
VERSES.

III. The Nature of the
CESURA.

IV. Of the mutual Relation
VERSES bear to each
other.

V. Of the EPIGRAM, MA-
DRIGAL, and SONNET.

VI. ODES and RONDEAUX,
&c.

To which is added,

The FOURTH SATIRE of *Monf. Boileau*
Despreaux, addressed to *Monf. Moliere*.

By *TERENCE RYLEY*,

Teacher of FRENCH in the University of OXFORD.

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L O N D O N :

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ABRIDGMENT
A NEW

of the RULES of

PROSODIA

According to Reber's Observations.



Of the mutual Relation
There is but one

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ABRIDGMENT
Of the RULES of
French PROSODIA.

IN the first Section I shall treat of what concerns every *French* Verse, taken separately ; and in the second I shall take Notice of what Connection two or more Verses have one with the other.

SECTION I.

EVERY *French* Verse, taken separately, consists of two Things, which form it's Construction or Parts. First, the Number of Syllables of which it is composed ; Secondly, the placing of those Syllables which may be reduced to two Articles.

B ARTICLE

A R T I C L E I.

Of the Number of SYLLABLES in every VERSE.

A Verse taken by itself, without any Regard to the others going before or coming after it, is no more than a Composition made up of a determinate or certain Number of Syllables. The most agreeable, and most approved Verses in *French*, are composed of twelve Syllables. *Example :*

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Apaïse, ma Chimene, apaïse ta douleur,											
Fais agir ta constance en ce coup de mal-											
heur,											
Tu reverras le calme après ce foible orage,											
Ton bonheur n'est couvert que d'un peu											
de nuage ;											

In taking Notice of the Number of Syllables in these four Verses, it will be found that the two last have thirteen instead of twelve Syllables ; the Reason is, because they end with an *e* mute, and in such Cases that final Syllable goes for nothing ; so that *orage* and *nuage* are pronounced each as if they were but of two Syllables, though in Reality they are of three. Verses ending with an *e* mute, are called Feminine, as *orage*, *courage*, *humble*, *Temple*, *donasse*, &c. and if an *s* be added

added to the Nouns, or *nt* to the Verbs to make them plural, they go under that Denomination, as the Sound is still the same. It is necessary to observe, that in the preter-imperfect Tenses, as *portoient*, *puniroient*, the *e* mute does not render the Verse Feminine, as was said before, because it lengthens the last Syllable, which otherwise would have the Sound of an *e* open, as if it were wrote *portè*, *punirè*.

Those Verses that are not Feminine, are consequently Masculine.

Feminine Verses of twelve Syllables, ought to have a Syllable more than Masculine Verses, for the Reasons already offered ; and those of twelve Syllables are made use of in heroic, tragic, and other Poems ; and more especially when the Subject is noble and elevated, which seems to be the Reason why they are called heroic ; others call them *Alexandrians*, perhaps after that Hero, for I see no other Reason why they should be called so.

There are also Verses of ten Syllables, which have eleven when Feminine, such as those that follow ; but you are to take Notice, that the eleventh is not founded, by the Rule already given.

^{1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10}
Tandis qu'ici les bizarres mortels,
A leur Auteur refusent des Autels ;

Et fabriquant une burlesque image,
Comme à leurs Dieux, ils lui rendent
homage.

These Verses of ten Syllables are seldom used, unless it be in Satires, Pleasantries, and what we call *rondeaux*; the *rondeau* shall be spoken of in it's proper Place. They are sometimes with those of twelve Syllables, and make an agreeable Harmony.

There are some of eight Syllables, which have nine in the Feminine. *Example* :

¹ À ² force ³ d' user ⁴ des ⁵ placets, ⁶
⁷ Vous ⁸ voila quite d'un procès,
Qui vous rompit long-tems la tête,
D' Apel, de Decret, de Requête,
Et de tous ces mots qui font peur
A qui n'est point né chicaneur.

There are other Masculine Verses which have seven Syllables, and the Feminines along with them have eight. The following is an Example, composed on the Death of a Dauphin and Dauphiness of *France*, who both died within a short Space of Time.

¹ En ² vain ³ la ⁴ mort ⁵ et ⁶ l' amour ⁷
D'une funeste victoire

Se disputent-ils la victoire ;
 Ils sont vainqueurs tour à tour.
 Si-tôt que la mort Jalouse
 A l'epoux ravit l'epouse,
 Aussi-tot l'amour Jaloux
 A l'epouse rend l'epoux.

In short, there are some composed of fix Syllables, whose Feminines have seven; there are scarce any Compositions wholly of this sort, but they are intermixed with others. The following, wrote upon the Dauphin before-mentioned, will shew how they are to be introduced and compounded with other Verses.

Ce n'est pas seulement au trone, au diadème
 Qu'on reconnoit les Rois ;
 Sans le pouvoir suprême,
 Sans être encore Roi vous en avez les
 droits :
 Charmer tous les esprits par sa mure sagesse,
 Ne trouver point de cœur qu'on ne puisse
 gagner
 Se posséder soi-même en sa tendre Jeunesse
 N'est ce pas là regner ?

Verses of less than fix Syllables, are only used in Songs, and irregular Pieces of Poetry, where the Poet follows no other Rule but his
 own

own Ear and particular Fancy ; and therefore they may be excluded from regular Compositions.

General RULES applicable to all Kinds of
VERSES.

R U L E I.

A Word ending with any Vowel except an *e* mute, ought never to be followed by a Word that begins with another Vowel, so the following will appear incorrect.

Vous le voyez, grand Dieu, et vous le per-
metez.

Or,

De ses bontés, il aura un modèle.

Or,

Sa fierté anima mon cœur.

In these Verses, *Dieu et ; aura un, fierté anima*, make a sort of Hiatus, which is by no Means tolerated in *French Poetry*. It is always to be observed, that Words which begin with an *h* mute, are considered as beginning with a Vowel. Thus it would be improper to write,

Toujours

Toujours du vrai honneur il a suivi la trace.

The *t* in the Conjunction *et*, is never pronounced, either in Poetry or Prose ; and as it has not the Force of a Consonant, ought never to be followed immediately by a Vowel ; otherwise there would be the same Opening between the *e* and the initial Vowel of the following Word, as if there was no *t* at all.

Il est Saint et il est aimable.

If a Word that ends with an *e* mute, is followed by another that begins with a Vowel, the *e* mute only makes a Syllable with the following Vowel. *Example* :

La route du vice est glissante,
Elle nous entraîne à la mort ;
Le cours d'une vie innocente,
Nous présente un plus heureux sort.

When a Word ends with an *e* mute, preceded by a Vowel, as *manie*, *loue*, the Word following should begin with another Vowel, for it would be improper to say,

La vie pour douceurs cache nos infortunes.
On loue la vertuë, mais sans la pratiquer.

instead of joining the final *e* mute with the following Vowel, Thus :

Lavie a des douceurs jusque dans l'infortune.

On loue une vertue, qu'on ne pratique pas.

R U L E II.

Concerning VERSES of 12 or 10 Syllables, and of the Cefura, or short Pause.

The Cefura must fall upon the sixth Syllable of a Verse consisting of twelve, and that sixth Syllable must be the last of a Word. And in Verses of ten, it must happen on the fourth, which also must be the last of a Word. By the Word Cefura is meant, the cutting or dividing of the Verse into two equal Parts. It is also called by some Repose, because the Sound ceases there, though for a very little Time, in order to make the Separation, as in the following Examples :

Seche

Seche tes pleurs Chiméne, | et reçois sans tristesse
Ce généreux vainqueur, | de mains de ta Princesse,

On the contrary, the twelve following Syllables will by no Means make a Verse, where the Cefura does not happen on the last Syllable of a Word.

¹ Dieu ² qui ³ de ⁴ nos ⁵ ennemis ⁶ brave ⁷ les ⁸ complots, ⁹ ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹²

Yet thus it would do very elegantly,

Quand de nos ennemis | Il brave le complots.

Thus the Cefura divides the Verse into two equal Parts, called Hemestichs, which signify Station, or Middle. The first Hemestich, in Verses of ten Syllables, does not however take an equal Portion of the Verse, having no more than four Syllables.

Example :

Si vous voulez | Gouter des vrais plaisirs,
Ne donnez pas | L'effor à vos desirs.

Moreover, the Word on which the Cefura happens in the first Hemestich, ought not to have any Connection with, or relation to, the first Word of the following Hemestich of the Verse.

The following are the most remarkable of those Words that have a Dependence upon each other, the separating of which must be avoided in the Cefura.

First, The Preposition must not be separated from the Case it governs. *Example* :

Il finit toujourn par | une illustre conquête.

Here *par* is separated from *une illustre conquête*, the Case governed, which makes the Verse improper, though composed of a proper Number of Syllables.

Secondly, The personal Pronouns must not be separated from the Verbs to which they are the nominative Case; therefore, the following Verse is improper, where the Nominative is separated from the Verb. *Example* :

A l'instant, Seigneur, vous | Dompterez ces rebelles.

Thirdly, The Verb should not be separated from the Negative, as in the following *Example* :

Timandre ne connoit | pas encor son malheur.

Fourthly.

Fourthly, Nor the nominative Case *qui*, from the Verb it agrees with. *Example*:

Le jeune Héros qui | couronna ses exploits.

The Word *qui* in other Cases is tolerated, though it always renders the Cefura disagreeable. *Example*:

Tant de guerriers de qui | l'on vante le succès.

Fifthly, The Adjective going before it's Substantive, ought not to be separated from it. *Example*:

Jamais le glorieux | projet qui leur expose.

Nor the Substantive going before the Adjective. *Example*:

J'éprouve le destin | fatal qui me poursuit.

In this last Case the Substantive may be separated from the Adjective by a Cefura, but then another Adjective must follow and end the Verse. *Example*:

J'éprouve le destin fatal et rigoureux.

Sixtly, The auxiliary Verb ought not to be separated from the Participle of a Verb, which renders the following Examples improper.

Le Seigneur toûjours a | cheri l'humble de cœur,
Dans le jour où je suis | venu pour le venger.

Yet this Separation of the Auxiliary from the Participle, may be dispensed with, if the Auxiliary be of two Syllables. *Example* :

Et toujours vous avez | cheri l'humble de cœur.

Or,

Au jour que tous étoient | venus pour le venger.

It is to be observed, that if the Sense of the Line will permit the Auxiliary to be thrown back towards the Beginning of the Verse, then it may be separated from the Participle, as it will not form the Cefura of the Verse. *Example* :

Le Seigneur a toûjours | cheri l'humble de cœur,
Je suis avec ardeur | venu pour le venger.

The Conjunction *donc* always produces a disagreeable Effect in the Cefura. The *e* mute in the last Syllable of a Cefura, as well as in the End of a Verfe, is deemed no Syllable; fo if it should happen in the fixth Syllable, the Verfe would be imperfect, as it can make no Cefura. *Example:*

Mais l'éclat du trone, jamais ne m'éblouit

This, therefore, is no Verfe, for the want of a Cefura, there being no fixth Syllable.

On the contrary, the following is very elegant,

Mais fi l'éclat du trone a jamais ébloui.

Because the *e* mute in the Cefura being looked upon as nothing, the Word is thought to end in the Syllable *tron*, and the *e* united to the following Vowel.

Obferve, as a Supplement to what is already faid, that the final *e* mute, when followed by an *s* or *nt*, cannot take place in the fixth or feventh Syllable of a Verfe, it being impoffible (on account of the Confonant by which it is followed) to unite it with the following Vowel. If it should happen in the fixth Syllable, the Verfe would want a Cefura,

Cesura, as it cannot make one of itself; and if in the seventh, the Verse would have a Syllable too many, as may be seen in the following Example, where there is a Syllable more than the Complement. *Example :*

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Mais si l'éclat des trones a jamais ébloui.

Here the seventh Syllable *nes*, as the *s* cannot be joined to the following Vowel *a*, makes a different Syllable, and one more than the due Quantity of the Verse. The same may be observed in the following Line.

Tous à l'envi célèbrent une fête si belle.

Before I leave the Article concerning the placing or arangeing of the Syllables, I shall observe, that they should be so disposed, that the Sense may not be suspended on the last Syllable or End of a Verse, so as to extend to the Beginning of the following; this is called intangling. *Example :*

Vain fantome d'honneur, c'est pour toi
qu'un Héros
S'immole : mais hélas ! trouve-t-il son
repos ?

But

But if the Sense extends itself to the End of the second Verse, and there terminates, it will by no Means be improper to write thus :

Vain fantome d'honneur c'est pour toi
qu'un Héros
Immole chaque jour, sa vie et son repos ?

However, this Rule is not to be followed in Verses of a familiar Stile, such as Comedies, Fables, Stories, Letters, &c.

SECTION II.

Of the Relation which VERSES bear to each other.

FRENCH Verses have certain mutual Relations or Connections one with the other; of which one is common to all Verses in general, and the other to a certain Composition of particular Verses, both which shall be treated of in the following Articles.

ARTICLE I.

Of the mutual Relation FRENCH VERBS in General have one with the other.

The mutual Connection *French* Verses in general have with each other, is the Rhyme; that is to say, the Resemblance or Unity of Sound, which ought to happen in the End of the last Word of every two Verses. So it is by the Sound, which affects or strikes the Ear, that one must judge of the Rhyme, and not by the Orthography or Spelling of the Words.

Every Verse, of whatever Number of Syllables it may consist, ought to terminate
in

in a Word to rhyme with the last of the next or following Verse.

Though the Resemblance or Unity of Sound, is the natural, and even the general Rule for Rhyme, Custom has introduced the following Exceptions to this Rule, which to some may seem absurd, though to others not at all improper.

First then, A Word that ends in *x*, *s*, *z*, is thought not to rhyme with another that does not end with one of the three foregoing Letters, though the two Words have the same Sound; thus *forêt* is not thought to rhyme with *ciprès*, nor *goûts* with *egoût*, nor *parlois* with *portoient*.

Secondly, The third Person plural (except the future Tense) as *donnent*, *punissoient*, *parlassent*, is not thought to rhyme with any other Person, but that of the same Tense and Number, ending in *ent*, though the Sound be just the same.

Thus then *lisent* does not rhyme with *cuisse*, nor *feroient* with *arrêt*, nor *donassent* with *parlasse*, though the Sounds are the same. Some Authors have thought these two Rules fully explained, by urging that the Singular should not rhyme with the Plural; but others, perhaps more to be regarded, advance the contrary, and attempt to prove, that *diront*, which is plural, will rhyme with *le rond*, and *un accès* with *les progrès*, &c.

It is feldom allowed to rhyme a Verb ending in *ois*, *oit*, with a Noun of the same Sound, though terminating with *ès*, *et*, as *parlerois* with *progrès*, or *mangeoit* with *objet*; or Words of the same Sound, of which the one ends with an *r*, and the other with an *é* masculine, as *danger*, *plongé*. This Rule, though commonly observed, is not however so very essential.

The Rhyme is defective between two Words of a similar Sound, of which the one is pronounced long, and the other short. The following two Lines, out of so celebrated a Poet as Monsieur *Despreaux*, give a kind of Sanction to these Licences, which however are to be avoided if possible.

Example :

Aimez-vous la muscade, on en a mis par
tout :

Sans mentir, ces pigeons ont un merveilleux
goût.

The Rhyme is defective and improper, when an *e* open rhymes with an inclosed *e*, as *enfer* with *porter*, *niger* with *juger*; for it is apparent, that these two Sounds are as different as *e* is from *a*. Many noted *French* Poets, however, have sometimes made Use of this sort of Rhyme, as in former Times there

there was very little Difference made between the *e* open and the inclosed *e*; but the Moderns absolutely condemn this Manner of Writing.

It is also improper to rhyme Words compounded with, or derived one from the other; as *dire* with *contredire*, *donner* with *redonner*. Yet some make the same Word, when it hath two different Significations, rhyme with itself; but still it is looked upon as flat and insipid. *Example*:

A tous ces beaux discours J'étois comme
une pierre

Ou comme une Statue est au festin de
Pierre.

Two Words rhyming by a double //, the one liquid and the other dry, are not allowed to rhyme one with the other, as the Sounds are quite different. *Example*:

Par ton ami apellé
Sur ce rivage emailé.

It is hard to conjecture, how certain Poets, who bear, and deserve a great Reputation, have wrote this sort of Rhyme; since the liquid *l* differs from the dry *l*, both in Sound and Formation of the Mouth, more than *d*

does from *t*. Thus *rapellé* and *emaiillé*, rhyme worse than *bordé* and *porté* would.

The most general and precise Rule in proper Rhyme, is, that in masculine Verse the last Syllable of the two Words which rhyme, should be wholly the same in regard to Sound.

It is not always necessary that the first Consonant of the last Syllable, in two Words that rhyme with each other, should be the same.

First, When one of the Words is a Monysyllable, as *mis* will rhyme with *repris*, *louis* with *tous*.

Secondly, When their Sounds are full and plain, such as those that end in *r* and *l*, as *enfer* will rhyme with *amer*, *animal* with *brutal*, or those that end with the improper Diphthongs *au*, *eu*, and *ou*, when pronounced long, as *échafaut* rhymes with *assaut*, *heureux* with *dédaigneux*, *jaloux* with *resous*.

Thirdly, When there are but few Words of the Rhyme which is made Use of, as *estomac* with *cognac*; but if there should be a great Number of Words that might rhyme with one another, in the Verses composed, it would be a Fault if they should not have the same Consonant in the Beginning of the last Syllable; as if *fortuné* was to rhyme with *Dompté*, *Sentiment* with *prudent*, &c. This

This kind of Liberty is only met with in careless and incorrect Poems.

Feminine Verses follow the Rule of Masculines, but with this Difference, that in the former the last Syllable which ends with *e* mute, is counted as nothing without the preceding Syllable; thus *estime* and *flame* would rhyme no more together, than *mange* and *partage*, or *muses* and *grises*, *repondent* and *tendent*; but *estime* would rhyme with *legitime*, *partage* with *avantage*, *muses* with *ruses*, and *repondent* with *confondent*. Thus Feminine Verses do not depend upon the last Syllable (which, as I have already said, is deemed as nothing), but upon the last but one, which in the Genius of the French Language, is looked upon as the last, being that which is perceptable to the Ear.

When Words rhyme as perfect as the greatest and nicest Regularity of Poetry requires, this kind of Rhyme is called rich and florid, as *Troupeaux* and *Drapeaux*, *subtile* and *fertile*; but not otherwise, as in the Instances of *Troupeaux* and *fardeaux*, *subtile* and *sterile*.

As we endeavour to make a Couplet, or two Lines to rhyme in the End, so ought we to avoid a Gingle in the Middle of a Verse; for it is deemed a very great Fault, to have the first Hemestich of a Verse rhyme

rhyme with the latter of the same, or with either of the two Hemestichs of the following Verse. So the two following Verses are defective on that Account.

Leurs steriles desseins, leurs entreprises
vaines,
Tant de coups inhumains de ces ames
hautaines.

ARTICLE II.

It is necessary here to take Notice of the mutual Connection of Verses, in the various Kinds of Poetry composed in the *French* Language.

The most natural are those wherein the Verses are pretty numerous, but unconfined to any certain or determinate Number, and all of the same Quantity of Syllables; those Poems are chiefly composed in Verses of twelve or eight Syllables.

In this kind of Poetry are wrote, first, two Masculine Verses, rhyming with each other; then two Feminines, and so on alternately to the End. Or there may be two Feminines put first, then two Masculines, and so continued to the End.

Dieux !

Dieux ! Sabine le suit ! pour ébranler mon
cœur

Est-ce peu de Camille, y joignez-vous ma
sœur ?

Et laissant à ses pleurs vaincre ce grand
courage,

L'amenez vous ici chercher même avantage ?

Or,

Loin de trembler pour Aybe, il vous faut
plaindre Rome,

Voyant ceux qu'elle oublie, & les trois
qu'elle nomme.

C'est un aveuglement pour elle bien fatal,
D'avoir tant à choisir, & de choisir si mal.

In regard to other Compositions, where the Rhymes do not thus immediately succeed each other, one may introduce, according to Fancy, all manner of Variety, provided the following Rules be carefully observed.

First, Two Masculine Verses, nor two Feminines, must not be put together when they rhyme differently. Thus it would be improper to write,

Tel qu'un homme enrichi dans les bras
du sommeil

Rencontre à tout moment des superbes
trésors.

Or,

Or,

O Divin objet de mon ame,
Tant que vous ferez mon partage.

There are, however, four Verses wrote upon Cardinal *Richelieu*, by the famous Mr *Corneille*, wherein this Rule is neglected; but as he did not publish them, it is supposed he was sensible of their Impropriety.

Chacun parle de son gré de ce grand
Cardinal,

Mais pour moi je n'en dirai rien :

Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

No more than two Verses that rhyme can be put together, whether Masculine or Feminine, unless it be sometimes in Songs, or in trifling Compositions.

A single Line sometimes intervenes between the Distich intended to rhyme, and sometimes two. Thus, properly speaking, all the Combination made in the intermixing of Rhymes, is reduced to the two following Heads, *viz.* the first Verse (whether Masculine or Feminine) must rhyme with the third, and the second with the fourth; or else the first will rhyme with the fourth, and
the

the second with the third. The following is an Example of the first Combination.

Que fert l'amitié dans la vie ?

Quand les chagrins lui sont unis :

C'est pour rire de Compagnie

Que l'on doit avoir des amis.

The following is an Example of the second Combination.

Tant qu'on est avec ses amis,

On peut connoître leur mérite ;

Mais si jamais on ne les quite,

On n'en connoît point tout le prix.

One may likewise intermix Verses, according to one's own Fancy, of a different Number of Syllables, of which the following is a Specimen.

Pour embraser mon ame

D'une celeste flame.

Je porte les yeux chaque jour,

Sur l'image d'un Dieu qui meurt pour mon amour.

Mais un objet si tendre,

N'a point encor ranimé ma langueur,

J'aile cruel secret de pouvoir m'en défendre ;

Ah ! ne peut-il passer de mes yeux dans mon cœur.

A Number of Verses, whose Rhyme is thus intermixed, and whose Meaning or Sense ends with the Period, is called a Stanza, from the *Latin Word stare, to stand*. Stanzas are often composed of an indeterminate Number of Verses; but, properly speaking, the lowest Number should consist of no less than four Verses, and the highest Number should not exceed ten or twelve Lines at most.

When, in different Stanzas, one observes the same Situation of Rhyme, and the same Quantity in every Verse, in regard to one another, they are called regular Stanzas; if otherwise, they are called irregular.

If a Stanza ends with a Masculine Verse, the following must begin with a Feminine, and so on reciprocally. Stanzas are even now pretty much practised by the *French Poets*.

When a Stanza is single, it is called a Quatrain, or a Sixain; that is to say, a Stanza of four or of six Verses; and in regard to the Subject, it is often called an Epigram or Madrigal.

As the Difference between an Epigram and Madrigal, seems hitherto undecided, it is presumed the following Ideas of both may be of some Use to the Learner.

A small Poem of two or four Verses at least, or of six or eight at most, is called an Epigram,

Epigram, and which tend to bring on the last Verse, whose Meaning contains something striking or affecting, which is called the Fall, or Thought, and sometimes, trivially, the Sting, or Point of the Epigram. The Subject of Epigrams is most commonly Pleasantry or Satyr, as in this Imitation of one of *Martial's*.

Dorilas cette bonne ame

Fait mourir tous ses amis :

Oh ciel ! que n'as-tu permis

Qu'il fut ami de ma femme.

Or the following, composed by Way of a Banter on a very ordinary Man.

Gentil Colin tu m'as charmé la vue,

Quand ton image en mon œil fut reçue,

Je me sentis épris de ton amour :

Tu me parus plus beau mille fois que le jour,

Gentil Colin tu m'as charmé la vue,

Mais c'est quand j'avois la brelue.

The Madrigal is a kind of Epigram, but differs from it in the following Particulars. *First*, It is seldom composed of less than six Verses, and it will admit of twelve, or a few more on Occasion. *Secondly*, The Fall, or Conclusion, is not so sharp and satirical. It

surprises less, and pleases more than the Epigram does. The Subject of a Madrigal is something reasonable, graceful, and noble; such as the following.

Après avoir été batus,
On voit chez vous tant de réjouïssances,
Qu'à s'en tenir aux aparances,
Vous êtes les vainqueurs, nous sommes
les vaincus
Ah! franchement c'est pour nous trop de
gloire,
Et vous relevez trop l'éclat de nos exploits;
Quoi donc voulez vous faire croire,
Qu'être Batu par des François
Est un honneur qui vaut une victoire?

An agreeable Thought, comprehending any Praise, turned into Verse, may be the Subject of a Madrigal; such as the following, composed on an Entertainment given to the Dauphin by the Prince of *Condé*, in the Wood of *Chantilli*, and which then appeared a Prodigy.

Depuis le tems où toutes choses
Contribuoient à nos plesirs,
Qu'il ne falloit savoir que former des desirs,
Pour former à gré mille métamorphoses:
Rien a-t-il paru plus charmant,
Que

Que ce que Chantilli fit voir dernièrement?
Mais de ces merveilleux, de ces galans
spectacles

Il ne faut point être surpris :

Dans tout ce qui touche Louis,
Rien ne coute aux Condés, pas même les
miracles

Soit pour servir le pere, ou divertir le fils.

A Sonnet is a kind of a Madrigal of fourteen Verses, in which one is confined to some difficult Rules.

First then, The Verses of a Sonnet must have an equal Number of Syllables, and are composed of twelve, and sometimes of eight Syllables.

Secondly, The Sonnet must consist of two Stanzas, each containing four Verses, and then must follow a third composed of six, which third Stanza must be divided equally, and each Part of it is called a Tercère, so that the Sense and Period may end with the first Tercère, as if it was actually a Stanza.

Thirdly, The same Word should not be repeated, nor appear a second Time, in the fourteen Verses of a Sonnet.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, The two Stanzas of a Sonnet must have no more than two Versifications, or Rhymes; so that in the eight Verses of the two Stanzas, there must be four Feminine and four Masculine, or four Masculine and four Feminine Verses put alternately.

Fifthly, The general Rules of the Versification of Madrigals and Stanzas, must be carefully adhered to. The following is an Example which cannot be made too publick, both for the Beauty and Force of it's Poetry, as well as for the Energy and Elevation of the Sentiments.

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis
d'équité,

Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice ;

Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté

Ne me pardonnera, qu'en bleffant ta Justice.

Oui Seigneur, la grandeur de mon impiété,
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du suplice :

Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma felicité,
Et ta clémence même attend que je perisse.

Contente

Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Ofense-toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes
yeux :

Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends-moi guerre
pour guerre.

J'adore, en perissant, la raison qui t'aigrit :
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton ton-
nerre :

Qui ne soit couvert du sang de *Jesus-
Christ* ?

The Difficulty of making Sonnets is such, that there are but few of them, and fewer Poets who attempt to make them; and the Loss of such cramped Compositions does not appear considerable, as the Restraint the Composer lies under, seems to over-balance the Agreeableness arising from them; for a Poem that is published for a Sonnet, ought inviolably to adhere to the strict Rules already given. It is somewhat strange, that a certain Author should give the Name of Sonnet to a Poem of fourteen Verses, whose two first Quatrains, or Stanzas, rhyme four different Ways, which is contrary to the Rule just given; nor is the same Word, nor a Derivative of it, allowed to be repeated or introduced a second Time through the whole Poem.

Poem. The following, which otherwise may be thought witty enough, cannot be called a Sonnet, unless the bare Authority of one Man can change the Names of Poems, which is scarce probable, where *ennuia*, *ennuier*, and *ennuieux*, are repeated.

Monfieur l'Auteur que Dieu confonde,
 Vous êtes un maudit bavart ;
 Jamais on n'ennuia son monde
 Avec tant d'esprit et tant d'art.

Je vous estime et vous honore ;
 Mais les ennuiieux tels que vous,
 Euffiez-vous plus d'esprit encore,
 Sont la pire espèce de tous.

Qu'un sot afflige nos oreilles,
 Passe encor, ce n'est pas merveilles,
 Le don d'ennuier est son lot.

Mais Dieu préserve mon ouïe,
 D'un homme d'esprit qui m'ennuie,
 J'aimerois cent fois mieux un sot.

The Ode in *French*, is a continued Succession of Stanzas or regular Strophes, generally upon some noble Subject, with very poetical Turns and Expressions. Most Odes that have any particular Deference paid to
 them,

them, are composed of Stanzas of ten Verses, each Masculine Verse containing eight Syllables, and each Feminine nine; or else each Masculine containing seven, and each Feminine eight Verses.

In Stanzas of ten Verses, the fifth and sixth Lines generally rhyme together. The Rhyme is mixed in the four first Lines, different to what it is in the four last. For in the former the first Verse rhymes with the third; and the second with the fourth; and in the latter the first rhymes with the fourth, and the second with the third.

The following are Examples of some Strophes of one of the most beautiful Odes of Mr *de la Motte Houdart*.

Calliope Savante Fée,
Inspire-moi de nouveaux airs:
Je veux sur les traces d'Orphée,
Descendre vivant aux Enfers:
Conduis-moi; que le triste Empire
Aux sons triomphans de ma lire
Soit ouvert encore une fois:
Et qu'enchanté comme les ombres,
Cerbère des Royaumes sombres,
Me laisse violer les loix.

Qu'entens Je! le Tartare s'ouvre,
Quels cris, quels douloureux accens

F

A mes

À mes yeux la flamme y decouvre
 Mille suplices renaissans :
 Là, sur une rapide roue
 Ixion dont le Ciel se joue,
 Expie à jamais son amour :
 Laisse cœur d'un Géant rebelle,
 Fournit une proie éternelle
 A l'avidé faim d'un vautour.

Mon œil à ces objets s'atache,
 Curieux malgré son éfroi ;
 Mais de minos qui m'en arache ;
 Subissons l'équitable loi.
 Laisse des tourmens trop c'élèbres,
 Dit-il à travers des ténèbres,
 Jette un plus utile regard ;
 Et dans nos prisons souterraines,
 Vois, avec fruit de quelles peines
 On punit l'abus de ton art.

D'abord me frappent les suplices
 Destinés aux lâches Auteurs,
 Qui rendent les Muses complices
 De leurs libelles imposteurs.
 Je vois Archiloque à leur tête :
 D'un arc que Nemesis aprête,
 S'arme cet effain malheureux ;
 Et leurs mains toujours imprudentes,
 Décochent des flèches ardentes
 Qui retombent toujours sur eux.

Quelle

Quelle est cette troupe alarmée
 J'y connois ces Jaloux esprits :
 Qui vouloient que la Renommée
 Ne publiât que leurs écrits :
 Un éternel fouci les ronge,
 Toujours quelque funeste Songé
 Couronne à leurs yeux leurs rivaux,
 Et de la lire que je touche,
 Le moindre son les éfarouche,
 Et semble un surcroit à leurs maux.

There are also some very beautiful Odes in Stanzas or Strophes different from those just cited, and may be composed in all Kinds of regular Compositions. Sometimes even irregular Stanzas bear the Name of an Ode, especially when the Subject and Style are noble and elevated; and this Elevation, according to some, should be raised to a sort of Enthusiasm; a Term which signifies that genuine Spirit of Poetry which distinguishes the Writer's true Genius from the Fustian of an overstrained Imagination.

The Rondeau is a small Poem, seemingly intended to express (in a clear and artful Manner) Things very trifling, and sometimes of no Consequence at all. Many composed on important Subjects, have proved unsuccessful. This Poem is restrained to the following Rules.

First, It should be composed of thirteen Verses precisely, rhyming first, two Masculine and two Feminine.

Secondly, It should be divided into three Parts, and the Sense should end with every separate Part, as in Stanzas. The first and third Parts should each contain five Verses, and the second, or middle Part three.

Thirdly, The first Word or Words of a Rondeau (which ought not to be of more than two, three, or four Syllables at most) should be repeated in a natural Sense at the End of every one of the two last Parts, or Couplets of the Rondeau; and, in order to produce a more agreeable Effect, they should be repeated with Turns and different Meanings.

Fourthly, Rondeaus are most commonly composed of Verses of ten Syllables Masculine, and eleven Feminine. There are some of eight, and even of seven Syllables. The following is deemed inferior to none.

A Monseigneur je dois présentement,
Si je le puis, faire mon compliment,
Pour

Pour la faveur qu'il m'a bien voulu faire,
De m'écouter expliquer un mystère,
Qui n'étoit pas grand chose assurément.

Irois-je aussi répéter froidement,
Ce qu'on entend lui dire à tout moment ?
Des complimens ! rien n'est plus ordinaire
à Monseigneur,

Si je suivois pourtant mon sentiment ;
Je n'aurois pas peu de peine à me taire,
Mais je craindrois d'être fort temeraire :
Hereux encor d'avoir pu seulement
Faire un Rondeau pour mon remerciement
à Monseigneur.

It will not be improper here to give an
Example of such Pieces as are called Fables ;
for though they have no particular Rule of
Versification, they have a free and natural
Style peculiar to themselves, as will appear
in the following allegorical Fable.

L'IMAGINATION

Et le BONHEUR.

L'imagination amante du bonheur,
 Sans cesse le desir, et sans cesse l'appelle :
 Mais sur elle il exerce une extrême ri-
 gueur,
 Et fait pour ses desirs il est peu fait pour
 elle.

Dans sa tendre Jeunesse elle alla le cher-
 cher

Jusque dans l'amoureux empire ;
 Mais lorsque du bonheur elle crut apro-
 cher,

Les soupçons, le Jaloux martire,
 La délicatesse encore pire,
 Soudain à ses transports le vinrent arracher.
 Dans un age plus mur, du même objet
 charmée,

Au palais de l'ambition,
 Elle crut Satisfaire encor sa passion :

Mais

Mais elle n'y trouva qu'une ombre, une
fumée,

Fantôme du bonheur & pure illusion.

Enfin dans le país qu'habite la richesse,

Séjour agréable & charmant,

Elle va demander son fugitif amant :

Elle y vit l'abondance, elle y vit la mo-
leffe,

Avec le plaisir enchanteur ;

Il n'y manquoit que le bonheur.

La voila donc encor qui cherche et se
promène ;

Lasse des grands chemins, elle trouve à
l'écart

Un sentier peu battu qu'on decouvroit à
peine.

Une beauté simple et sans art,

Du lieu presque desert etoit la Souveraine,

C'étoit la piété. La, notre amante en pleurs,

Lui raconta son aventure :

Il ne tiendra qu'à vous de finir vos mal-
heurs ;

Vous verrez le bonheur, c'est moi qui
vous l'assure,

Lui dit la fille Sainte ; il faut pour l'attirer

Demurer

Demurer avec moi, s'il se peut, sans
 l'attendre,
 Sans le chercher, au moins, sans trop le
 desirer ;
 Il arive aussi-tôt qu'on cesse d'y prétendre,
 Ou que dans sa recherche on fait se moderer.
 L'imagination à l'avis sut se rendre,
 Le Bonheur vint sans diférer.

Of POETICAL LICENCES.

Certain Words which are not tolerated in
 Prose, and are often used in Poetry, are
 called Poetical Licences; and although
French Poetry admits but of very few, there
 are however some, and it will not be im-
 proper to quote the chief of them in this
 Place.

First, Encore, which makes three Syllables
 in Prose, seldom make more than two in
 Verse, and is thus wrote (*encor*):

Secondly, The Adverbs, *dessus*, *dessous*, and
alors, are sometimes used for the Preposi-
 tions, *sur*, *sous*, *lors*. *Example*:

Mais

Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton ton-
nerre,

instead of

Mais sur quel endroit ;

and

Alors qu'on espere toujours, &c.

instead of

Lors qu'on espere toujours.

The Word *jadis*, which is obsolete in Prose, may be very properly put for *autrefois* in Poetry. Several other Words that are out of Use in Prose, may be introduced in Poetry with Elegance and Grace, as *la nef* for *le navire*, *un Coursier* for *un Cheval*, &c. and these very Words may be more properly called Poetical Expressions than Licences; the other Poetical Terms will be learnt by reading the *French* Poets, which ought to be done with great Care and Attention.

The following SATIRE, wrote by Mr Boileau Despreaux, and addressed to Mr Moliere, is well worthy of the Reader's Attention.

RARE & fameux Esprit, dont la fertile veine
 Ignore en écrivant le travail & la peine;
 Pour qui tient Apollon tous ses trésors ouverts,
 Et qui fais à quel coin se marquent les bons vers;
 Dans les combats d'esprit savant Maître d'escrime,
 Enseigne-moi, Moliere, ou tu trouves la rime.
 On diroit, quand tu veux, qu'elle te vient chercher.
 Jamais au bout du vers on ne te voit broncher;
 Et sans qu'un long détour t'arrête, ou t'embarrasse;
 A peine as-tu parlé, qu'elle même s'y place.
 Mais moi, qu'un vain caprice, une bizarre humeur,
 Pour mes péches, je croi, fit devenir Rimeur;
 Dans ce rude métier, où mon esprit se tue,
 En vain, pour la trouver, je travaille & je sue.
 Souvent j'ai beau rêver du matin jusqu'au soir:
 Quand je veux dire *blanc*, la quinteuse dit *noir*:
 Si je veux d'un Galant dépeindre la figure,
 Ma plume pour rimer trouve l'Abbé de Pure:
 Si je pense exprimer un Auteur sans défaut,
 La Raison dit Virgile, & la Rime Quinaut.
 Enfin quoi que je fasse, ou que je veuille faire,
 La bizarre toujours vient m'offrir le contraire.
 De rage quelquefois, ne pouvant la trouver,
 Triste, las & confus, je cesse d'y rêver:

Et maudissant vingt fois le Démon qui m'inspire,
 Je fais mille sermens de ne jamais écrire.
 Mais quand j'ai bien maudit & Muses & Phébus,
 Je la voi qui paroît, quand je n'y pense plus.
 Aussi-tôt, malgré moi ; tout mon feu se rallume :
 Je reprends sur le champ le papier & la plume,
 Et de mes vains sermens perdant le souvenir,
 J'attens de vers en vers qu'elle daigne venir.
 Encor si pour rimer, dans sa verve indiscrete,
 Ma Muse au moins souffroit une froide épithète :
 Je ferois comme un autre, & sans chercher si loin,
 J'aurois toujours des mots pour les coudre au besoin.
 Si je louois Philis, *En miracles féconde ;*
 Je trouverois bien-tôt, *A nulle autre seconde.*
 Si je voulois vanter un objet *Nonpareil ;*
 Je mettrois à l'instant, *Plus beau que le Soleil.*
 Enfin parlant toujours d'*Astres* & de *Merveilles*,
 De *Chef-d'œuvres des Cieux*, de *Beautés sans pareilles ;*
 Avec tous ces beaux mots souvent mis au hazard,
 Je pourrois aisément, sans génie & sans art,
 Et transposant cent fois & le nom & le verbe,
 Dans mes vers recousus mettre en pieces Malherbe.
 Mais mon esprit, tremblant sur le choix de ses mots,
 N'en dira jamais un, s'il ne tombe à propos,
 Et ne sauroit souffrir, qu'une phrase insipide
 Vienne à la fin d'un vers remplir la place vuide.
 Ainsi recommençant un ouvrage vingt fois,
 Si j'écris quatre mots, j'en effacerai trois.
 Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée
 Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,

Et

Et donnant à ses mots une étroite prison;
 Voulut avec la Rime enchaîner la Raison.
 Sans ce métier fatal au repos de ma vie,
 Mes jours pleins de loisir couleroient sans envie;
 Je n'aurois qu'à chanter, rire, boire d'autant;
 Et comme un gras Chanoine, à mon aise, & content;
 Passer tranquillement, sans souci, sans affaire,
 La nuit à bien dormir, & le jour à rien faire.
 Mon cœur exempt de soins, libre de passion;
 Sait donner une borne à son ambition;
 Et fuyant des grandeurs la présence importune,
 Je ne vais point au Louvre adorer la Fortune.
 Et je serois heureux, si pour me confumer,
 Un destin envieux ne m'avoit fait rimer.

Mais depuis le moment que cette frénésie
 De ses noires vapeurs troubla ma fantaisie,
 Et qu'un Démon, jaloux de mon contentement,
 M'inspira le dessein d'écrire poliment:
 Tous les jours malgré moi, cloué sur un ouvrage;
 Retouchant un endroit, effaçant une page;
 Enfin passant ma vie en ce triste métier,
 J'envie en écrivant le sort de Pelletier.

Bienheureux Scuderi, dont la fertile plume
 Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume!
 Tes écrits, il est vrai, sans art & languissans,
 Semblent être formez en dépit du bon sens:
 Mais ils trouvent pourtant, quoi qu'on en puisse dire,
 Un Marchand pour les vendre, & des Sots pour les lire.

Et quand la Rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
 Qu'importe que le reste y soit mis de travers ?
 Malheureux mille fois celui dont la manie
 Veut aux règles de l'art asservir son génie !
 Un Sot en écrivant fait tout avec plaisir :
 Il n'a point en ses vers l'embarras de choisir,
 Et toujours amoureux de ce qu'il vient d'écrire,
 Ravi d'étonnement en soi-même il s'admire.
 Mais un Esprit sublime en vain veut s'élever
 A ce degré parfait qu'il tâche de trouver :
 Et toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
 Il plait à tout le monde, & ne sauroit se plaire.
 Et Tel, dont en tous lieux chacun vante l'esprit,
 Voudroit pour son repos n'avoir jamais écrit.

Toi donc, qui vois les maux où ma Muse s'abîme,
 De grace, enseigne-moi l'art de trouver la Rime :
 Ou, puisqu'enfin tes soins y seroient superflus,
 Moliere, enseigne-moi l'art de ne rimer plus.

F I N,

Et quand la Rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
Qu'il importe que le vers y soit mis de travers,
Malheureux mille fois celui dont la rime
Vient aux règles de l'art altérer son génie !
Un bot en écrivant fait tout avec plaisir :
Il n'a point en ses vers l'embarras de choisir,
Et toujours amoureux de ce qu'il vient d'écrire,
Ravi d'étonnement en soi-même il s'admire.
Mais un Esprit sublime en vain veut s'élever
A ce degré puriste qu'il tâche de trouver :
Et toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
Il plaint à tout le monde, & ne s'en peut plaindre.
Et Tel, dont on tous lieux cherche l'esprit,
Voudrait pour son repos n'avoir jamais écrit.

Tu donc, qui vois les maux de ton Mufe & d'homme,
De grâce, enlève-moi l'art de trouver la Rime :
Ou, puisqu'enfin tes loins y seroient superflus,
Moi-même, enlève-moi ce fâcheux plaisir.

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